

The Wetaskiwin Times.

VOL. I. NO. 15.

WETASKIWIN, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1901.

V. C. FRENCH,
Editor and Proprietor

Don't Miss Wetaskiwin Sports, JULY 8 and 9. \$1000 in Prizes and Purses.

DICKSON'S West End Store . .

This week we have some bargains in Dried Fruits

**Apricots
Pears
Plums and
Nectarines**

10 Cents per Lb.

CROCKERY

Odd lines in Cups and Saucers
at \$1 per dozen

Th clear, we will sell

Clothing at Cost

BOOTS AND SHOES

We handle the celebrated King make, and during the week will allow a discount of 10 per cent. on all Boots and Shoes

DICKSON'S = West End Store

LAND!

Come into our office, first door

LAND!

North of the Driart Hotel, and

LAND!

see what we have in LANDS

before you buy.

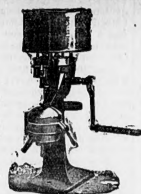
H. A. JOHNSON'S Real Estate Agency

Dairymen's Attention

Try the MELOTTÉ CREAM SEPARATOR and you will be convinced. The MELOTTÉ is guaranteed to do perfect work; to turn 10 per cent. cream and better butter can be made with it. Testimonials show that the "Melotte" is king. Write for catalogue.

Melotte Cream Separator Co., Ltd.,
212 KING ST., WINNIPEG.

F. Bealton is agent for the Wetaskiwin district



U.S. Harness Shop ..

Having opened out a new harness shop, at the corner of McDonald and Porter streets, I am now ready to supply the most fashionable with anything in my line

Double and Single Harness Saddles, Blankets, Etc.

Everything new and up-to-date And all prices reasonable

James Gould

McCallum & Wallace

Dealers in all kinds of

**Shelf & Heavy Hardware
Stoves & Tinware
Barb Wire
Farm Implements
Wagons & Buggies
Paints, Oils, Varnishes
Churns
Furniture, Etc., Etc.**

Agents for the Advance and Waterloo Threshing Machines

PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT

McCALLUM & WALLACE

WETASKIWIN

Lewisville Locals.

How's Lewisville? It's alright. Great growing weather; we have a fine shower every day and crops of all kinds are looking fine. Tom Ward's new house and granary are looming up; also a fine well is being dug. Our genial merchant says trade is good, especially butter and eggs; he has only shipped 200 lbs. butter and 400 dozen eggs in the past week. H. S. Jones is improving his house by adding a couple of porches; one is to be screened in to use as a summer dining room. We understand our old neighbor, Mr. Geer, is soon to move to the mountains, where he intends going into fruit raising. I expect we will be abundantly supplied after a few years; the people of this district wish him every success. One of the Miss Busarids has gone to Wetaskiwin, where she will be employed as a seamstress; she is a popular young lady and does first-class work. Lewisville is getting to be quite a summer resort, so say some of our bachelors; they think there should be a little more wire fence between here and town. Mr. Vaughan's new residence is quite conspicuous; we think he must have a fine view of the country. We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Griffin will not return till next fall; they are still visiting and Mr. Griffin is doctoring for his cancer. A fine lot of breaking is being done out this way. On account of the high water in the river, it has been treacherous crossing the river; we must have a bridge before long. No signs of the lost mail sacks as yet; what is the government doing about the matter?

Penron Park.

The crops are looking grand in this vicinity. F. L. Fee is home on the sick list, but nothing very serious, as he will be around again in a few days. Fred. Burger is busy hauling lumber with two teams from Millet saw mill; he is intending building a granary, also an addition to his house. Mr. Burger is a rustler and is bound to have things in ship-shape style. A welcome visit from the Wetaskiwin school teachers and the school children, and many a citizen was paid the Park on Friday of last week. Although it threatened rain all the morning, it did not frighten the teachers from coming. About 10:30 the Park began to open. Young ladies on horse back came in wagons, carriages, buggies, bicycles—it mattered not, the object was to get there. The day brightened up and was most joyously spent. There were all kinds of eating and drinking, foot racing, pony racing, fishing, swimming, and everything that goes to make up a good day's sport. Much credit is due to the principal, Hallbrook, Miss Martin and Miss Robinson, the respective teachers of Wetaskiwin school for the interest they have taken in the children, and it was evident that the teachers are held in the highest respect. That merry laugh, that joyous cheer as it rang through the forest, that quick exchanging love from teacher to pupil and from pupil to teacher was something grand for those observers to behold. It will be a fond remembrance, after fleeting years, they look back and remember what an enjoyable day was spent.

Dried Meat Lake.

Albert Townsend and Mr. Miller have secured good wells through the efficiency of Messrs Hoofnagle the well drillers. Mr. Frid preached, or rather gave his farewell address to the good folk assembled at Rowe's appointment. Mr. H. H. Rowe is putting a two wire fence around his quarter—S. E. 1/4 of 16-43-20. Parties crossing the old cattle trail may come by the way until roads are better made. Who said there were not lots of mosquitoes that would weigh a pound? Why can't the people of east and west of Dried Meat Lake have a sociable picnic either this 1st or 4th of July. (Some one see it out.) Messrs Cole and Jones are improving their Dried Meat Lake property. Hay is growing fast; June grass and Red Top are in bloom. Mr. Miller has his residence nearly completed in 44-20. Mr. S. K. Allen is digging a cellar for a new frame house, 16x22. Many new houses are being built across this lake but the writers don't know the parties. As Nelson has commenced the erection of his log house—Good thing, Charlie.

Sports and Fair.

No stone is being left untarned to make the sports and fair, to be held here on Monday and Tuesday July 8th and 9th, the roil latter day in the sporting annals of Wetaskiwin. A large gang of workmen are busily engaged working upon the track, and when the days of celebration come it will be in good shape. It is known now that there will be a number of fast horses here, and it is expected that a number of leading attractions will stop off on their way from the Edmonton to the Calgary exhibition. The Edmonton brass band has been engaged to render music for the both days, so a good musical program is assured. A grand stand is being constructed upon the grounds and every comfort for the visitor is being considered by the committee in charge. Everybody should be here on July 8th and 9th to witness the big day's sports ever held in Wetaskiwin. The following is the program of the principal events.

MONDAY, JULY 8TH.

Baseball Match.
MORNING.
Stallion Race, heats 3 in 5, \$50
Half-mile Pony Race; heats, 2 in 3, 14 Hands and under. . . 25
Novelty Race; each quarter \$5. . 20
Half-mile farmers' run; green horses, open. . . 15
Quarter-mile Dash; open. . . 25
Half-mile Dash; open. Lady Riders. . . 15
200 Yards Travois Race Indian. 10
AFTERNOON.
Bucking Contest, 1st, \$10. 2nd, \$4
Bridle by H. A. Finch. Red River Jig. Cash Prizes. Indian War Dances.

TUESDAY, JULY 9TH.

MORNING.
100-Yards Foot Race, Open. \$7
50-Yards Foot Race, Boys under 12. . . 5
50-Yards Flat Man's Race. . . 5
Coxs. Pig. . . 5
220-Yards Obstacle Race. . . 5
50-Yards Squaw Race. . . 5
100-Yards Boys under 16-white 3
50-Yards Girls under 16-white 3
Half-mile, open. . . 8
AFTERNOON.
Purse
Free-for-all Trotter Pace; heats, 3 in 5. . . \$75
Team Race; heats, 2 in 3. . . 25
Half-mile Race; open; heats, 2 in 3. 50
One Mile Dash; open. . . 40
Half-mile open Indian race. . . 25
Cowboy Umbrella Race. . . 25
Cart race, square drivers. . . 15
10 lbs. flour
Half-mile open, square Drivers. 9 lbs. Ten
EVENING.
Climbing Greasy Pole; cash prizes.
Catching Greasy Pig. cash prizes.
Tug-of-War. cash prizes.
The Edmonton brass band has been engaged to play on both days.

Zion Zephyrs.

A. C. Miller spent most of last week in the Dried Meat Lake vicinity. He brought a few fish back with him. Mr. Hodge has put up two small buildings on his farm N. W. 1/4 of sec. 8, prepared to breaking some of the land. Dr. Suteland, of Leduc, visited the public schools in this vicinity for the purpose of vaccinating the children. This precaution is meeting with the approval of the parents. Frank Hoover has contracted to erect the public school building in Grover district. He has engaged Mr. McTaggart to help him. Mr. White has parted with his dear little buckskin pony. John is getting logs ready to build a granary. Geo. Dowling was in Edmonton last week visiting his brother. He reports crops and weather there about the same as here. The Dowling District school ground and school building has been under improvement again this week. An addition has been made to the buildings. A platform has been placed along the entire front of the school house, and the well has been provided with a pump. These improvements have been necessary since the school opened and will add to the convenience of teacher and pupils.

The annual shoot of the Wetaskiwin Gun Club will take place on Dominion Day for a silver cup valued at about \$15. The shoot is for members only.

Nashville Notes.

Jonas Edlund has purchased a new cream separator, and is going to do well with his cows this summer; he also has a field of excellent wheat. The Nashville school house has been completed, and W. G. Whyte is the teacher. Mr. Bergman is having two breaking teams on his farm this week. A very successful school meeting was held last Saturday, but there were two or three kickers present. Already there are 35 scholars enrolled on the register; a hearty welcome is extended by the teacher and trustees to all the children of the district. Breaking teams are a scarce article in and around Nashville; A. Ohman would like to have 40 acres broken this season if he can get it done. John F. Peterson would be pleased to correspond with someone who has cattle to lot out on shares; he purchased a fine mare last week from Mr. Cummings, the price being \$115; Mr. Peterson is a good farmer and has about 30 acres of the best oats to be seen along the road. Rev. A. Ohman went across the country Saturday afternoon to preach to the people on the other side of the river on Sunday. C. A. Ferguson and Fred A. Peterson are preparing to make an extensive fishing trip; then look out for little fishes. Geo. Wines, of Duhamel, and Matt. Matteson started for their old home in South Dakota. The reason for the return is supposed to be that the school is too tedious to continue out this spring with him. Alfred Ohman is going to fence a lot of his farm, east of Wetaskiwin, this summer, if the Wetaskiwin merchants can get the wire for him.

School Picnic

The most successful annual school picnic ever given in connection with the Wetaskiwin school, was held on Friday of last week on the banks of the beautiful Pipestone creek. Although it was raining when the party left town, the weather cleared up before the grounds were reached, and it was an ideal day. After lunch was served, athletic games of all kinds were indulged in, and all the events were keenly contested. Much interest is due the teachers for the interest taken in the children, and for the success of the outing. The following are the names of the prize winners in the various events: Boys' 5 years old and under—Bernie Fairman. Girls' 5 years old and under—Bernie Fairman. Boys' 6 years and under—E. Koller. E. Lako. Girls' 6 years and under—E. Koller. E. Lako. Boys' 7 years and under—W. Lako. J. Koller. Girls' 7 years and under—W. Lako. J. Koller. Boys' 8 years and under—A. Lako. E. Koller. Girls' 8 years and under—A. Lako. E. Koller. Boys' 9 years and under—G. Lako. E. Koller. Girls' 9 years and under—G. Lako. E. Koller. Boys' 10 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Girls' 10 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Boys' 11 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Girls' 11 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Boys' 12 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Girls' 12 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Boys' 13 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Girls' 13 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Boys' 14 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Girls' 14 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Boys' 15 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Girls' 15 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Boys' 16 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Girls' 16 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Boys' 17 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Girls' 17 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Boys' 18 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Girls' 18 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Boys' 19 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Girls' 19 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. Boys' 20 years and under—J. Lako. E. Koller. 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LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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The solemn stillness grew more impressive with the passing of each moment. She wished some figure, no matter whose, might appear going toward the village from Broxton. She should like to hear that Tom had not got there too late.

She had thrown a white apron over her head as a protest against night-dress. She leaned with her elbows on the gate and waited—for very long. A horseman was entering slowly in her direction from the colonnade. She opened the gate and stepped into the road.

A puff of wind cut her white apron and sent it fluttering right into the horse's face. She could hear the horse snort and snort.

Its rider exclaimed angrily: "Who in the deuce are you? You have made me drop my bag."

"It's only me, Miss Olivia Spillman. I wanted to ask about the colonnade. Is he dead, Mr. Matthews?"

"Yes."

"Did Tom get there in time?"

"No."

He was down on the ground now groping for his dropped bag. Miss Olivia groaned. It was she who found it. It had bounced quite up into a corner of the fence and came unheeded in the transit. She mechanically clasped it as she handed it back.

"Is that all you dropped?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry I frightened your horse."

But Mr. Matthews was already back in the saddle and entering rapidly homeward. Her apology had gone for naught.

There was nothing more to be gained by standing at the gate. She went back into the house and the care now was to get out this time. She wanted her mother to wake up, so that she could tell her all that had happened since she fell asleep—how poor Tom had come home afoot and well nigh breathless, how through Reuben's benevolence and good nature she had been able to find him to hear his father's last words, and how Lady Matthews had been so kind as to let her see him.

But, after all, what a small matter to get rattled about at such a time, when there was poor Tom and his great disappointment.

She promptly effaced herself, always an easy task for Miss Olivia, in thought of the poor boy then wrestling alone with the fierce agony of his first great sorrow.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSING PAPERS.

The next morning Miss Olivia—"once again"—was contentedly up by her own efforts, and kept up with local happenings—saw coming to and from the Mandeville direction something almost as bright and vivid for that somber day of sorrow.

It was a small little basket pointed, driven by two satin coated ponies. The morning sun, shining through the clouds of dust that rose in the wake of eight swiftly traveling hoofs, converted it into golden light and surrounded the swift revolving wheels of the chariot. Miss Olivia gave a little gasp.

"Ellis's chariot must have looked just that way"—Miss Olivia's carter conceptions were drawn largely from chronicle. It is to be noted that she modified, "Ellis's chariot" wasn't harnessed to two satin coated ponies nor driven by an extremely pretty girl in a sunny sailor hat and a mannish shirt waist. Looks like she had monopolized all the sunshine there was to spare. Our Heavenly Father is mighty good to some folks."

She for whom such celestial partiality was claimed was Miss Olivia Matthews. She certainly made a very vivid spot of color on the lone landscape as she bore rapidly down upon the patient figure at the gate.

Her yellow hair floated away from her white banded sailor hat in burnished beauty. She occupied the driver's seat in her tiny phaeton and guided the chestnut ponies that were harnessed to it with a spirited grace quite rare for her years. She was only 14.

By her side, with his long legs drawn well up to accommodate his dimensions to those of the phaeton, sat Lawyer Matthews.

When the flashing little turnout wheeled fairly into her line of vision, Miss Olivia muttered her disapproval.

"Goodness gracious me! They do look dreadfully gay for going to the house of mourning."

But when the satin coated ponies, with their jingling harness, came abreast of the gate, she discovered a compensating gleam in the lawyer's face. Its profound solemnity melted her to a degree.

As for Olivia, she was always vivid. One must needs be a little of the gambler and robbard to laughling fits of their cherry ripe rosy cheeks and her eyes of the sparks that made one think of a merry sailor in dancing waters to have so much of that somberness of aspect considered the fitting thing for such occasions. Of course they were on their way to the Hall.

Seeing they were going to stop, Miss Olivia opened her front gate.

But unheeded for, Mr. Broxton has left his seat in the carriage exclusively in her hands. He knew me long enough to judge whether or not he was safe in doing so. We will drive on now, if you please."

Olivia nodded her pretty head at Miss Olivia. "I'll be back for you in 20 minutes," said Miss Olivia, so you be ready. My ponies don't like standing still any more than I do. Don't mind papa's role now. It's as cross as a bear to be in Olivia Matthews' car. She gave a slight shake of the scarlet reins, tilted her head upon them, the rattling musical encouragement to the flashing equipage disappeared from Miss Olivia's view in a fresh cloud of golden dust.

Miss Olivia opened her front gate, and advanced as far as the horse block, talking as she went.

"Good morning to you both, Mr. but don't the sun shine just too bright today! I was on the lookout for somebody to tell me something," she concluded vaguely.

"We are on our way to the Hall now," said Olivia, utilizing the halt to fling her yellow mane back over her shoulders. "Reuben, stupid old thing, broke papa's buggy last night, and so I had to bring him home." She leaned back, laughing, to give Miss Olivia a better view of her companions. "Poor darling! The phantom does not fit him very well, does it?"

"I stopped," said the lawyer, with unending dignity, "to ask if by chance you discovered any papers near your gate this morning?"

"Papers?"

"Yes, in a long official envelope, unaddressed. I thought they might have fallen out of my bag last night when you were here."

Miss Olivia gazed speculatively over an area of several rods of leaf strewn earth. "The bag certainly was open, for I distinctly remember clasping it as I picked it up, but if any papers fell out I didn't see them then, and the wind that blew away last night would have carried them away by this time."

"Mr. Matthews had got out of the phaeton and was going slowly over the ground with his head bent. He stirred the leaf heap with his umbrella as he searched."

"It is possible that I did not bring them away from Broxton Hall, but barely possible."

"We have a large family of newborn pigs with contentedly reposing on the autumn leaves that filled the nearest fence corner. The lawyer prodded her merciless with the ferrule of his umbrella. She got up with an indignant grunt and waddled sullenly across the road, followed by her squeaking progeny. But nothing came of her objection. There was only an innocent pile of autumn leaves pressed under a compact mass under her bulky body."

On all occasions Miss Olivia Matthews' patience was easily exhausted. It gave way with explosive suddenness.

"Oh, papa, come on! You will find the possible lurking place. He walked briskly toward it. Olivia was getting impatient. That spurred his steps. He came back to the phaeton empty handed."

"I do hope," said Miss Olivia, indifferently anxious, "that it is nothing of importance to Tom Broxton that is lost."

"The lawyer was climbing back into the phaeton and was carefully adjusting the superfluous length to its requirements and drew the gay top robe over his long legs before noticing this impatient little "hops." He looked sternly at Miss Olivia over Olivia's golden head to say coldly: "Your anxiety is natural."

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home and straightway bawled her information at her mother.

"I am going up to the Hall, mother. Olivia Matthews is to drive back for me. She'll be here in 20 minutes."

"Going to drive back for you?"

"Yes. She's a kind little body. She and her father have just gone up to the Hall. They stopped at the gate and Matthews wanted to know if I found any papers on the ground when I picked up his bag."

"And did you?"

"No, mother. I told him that if any papers had fallen out the wind would have blown them away before morning. You don't mind my going to the funeral, do you, mother?"

"Of course not. It's your duty to go. I want to hear all about it. It ought to fetch a big crowd to the old house. Broxton was the salt of the earth. There's none like him left."

"You won't be by yourself entirely," said Miss Olivia cheerfully. "Jimmy Martin is working the fence and I'll tell him the bear about today. I'll tell him to look in on you once or twice to see if you need anything while I'm gone."

"That's all right," said Olivia. "I'm not an infant in arms, mother. Dad Matthews seen very much put out about those papers he lost?"

"He did not say so, but when I said I hoped it was not anything that concerned Tom he as good as told me to mind my own business."

"M-m-m-m-m! Just like his impudence. He's forgotten the time when you were the minister's daughter."

"Then Miss Olivia began preparing for the great event of her absence. She put a bowl of cold tea on the window sill within easy reach of her mother's big chair, rushed out into the garden to give Jimmy Martin his final orders and had good five minutes left in which to turn over her best gown, a brown serge trimmed with velvet, and her Sunday bonnet, which she always made her mother put on for her."

"By the time Olivia, on her return trip, had made the grand circle around the beech tree, which she called "turning her ponies around," Miss Olivia was standing on the horse block in a state of nervous readiness and effusive anxiety.

"I was real sweet of you, my dear," she said, somewhat jerkily, as the ponies bounded forward, "to come back for me. The walking is so dusty. I am sure you got such a nice ride."

"No, it's not sweet of me at all," said Olivia, with decision. "You are giving me credit I don't deserve. I love to see my darlings, and I don't want to go into that gloomy old house one minute sooner than I was obliged to."

"Did it not seem to you that the house was full of ghosts?"

"Like it, poor dear Tom! It will break your heart, Miss Olivia. To see how white and cold the old house is, and how broken my. He keeps on moaning because he did not get here in time to hear his father's voice once more. Oh, I could kill kites for that breakdown!"

Miss Olivia felt that she could gladly have had the executioner's ax. Miss Olivia, we are going to take Tom home with us after the funeral. Papa says I am to cheer him up. I'm sure I don't know how to do it."

"How anybody in the world can do that, do you? I know if I saw a papa who had been taken and I should like to talk to him about it. It didn't matter much. It wouldn't be any of my business. I don't suppose papa's father's the same way that boys do. Father says he will have to be a father to Tom now, and I tell him if he isn't as good as good to poor Tom as he is to me I shall make him answer for it."

Suddenly the small, clouded face was illumined by a gleam of light, and a side-long look full of fire flashed under Miss Olivia's Sunday bonnet.

"You see, I feel as if I must be a mother to Tom now, and I don't know how to do it."

Miss Olivia begged her not to be frivolous with such sullying gravity that she had been overcast again, as with a hysterical chuck in her voice, Olivia said:

"Oh, what a lovely world this would be if all our friends would just keep well and happy and go on living forever until we are all ready to start for the next world in a big funeral procession and the sun would shine all the time, and flowers be in bloom always! Oh, Miss Olivia, I hate sorrow! I hate to cry!"

She was doing it copiously, however. Her dimpling smiles had all been drowned, her sparkling eyes grown dark with the gloom of her crude protest. Miss Olivia put an arm about the small, grief-stricken figure and moaned a platitude into the ear nearest her:

"My love, man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."

"Oh, what makes you say that? The pleasure of using those very same words presently."

But I'm not a nun, not a nark, and I don't want to die upward. There, now!"

Miss Olivia, feeling vaguely guilty and distinctly repentant, lapsed into silence. She was entirely unacquainted with weapons of defence against the original line of argument. "Suppose we don't reason about it at all, dear, but just sit still."

"We may as well," said the young girl, with a resigned sigh, "as insultation neither alters nor softens the bottom fact."

But the word "insultation" was interpreted on one of the returned leaves in Olivia Matthews' book of life. It meant nothing as yet, but it drove the rest remaining distance in depressed silence—through the shadow of the valley of death—to the light of the page and the vivid girl.

"Mother! Spillman, having opened her bowl of cold tea, was computing the passage of time by her craving

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losthouse and repulsive, with thousands of yellow worms crawling, twisting, writhing, squirming, to a conquering, proud nation of Brazil, clothed in a perfectly fitting garment of rich silk. He has told not, neither has he spindled he has only bused the job-ey to be clothed in richest as beautiful as the tiles of the field. What a feeling of supremacy he must have! He has interwoven successfully with a divine what you stand erect—in his own mind, at least—a man to be greatly admired.

"Fame" said the youth with the earnest intellectual expression, "is so hard to attain. It is so difficult for one to get himself talked about."

"Humph!" rejoined the woman with cold blue eyes and a firm jaw. "You just cut it to live up in our neighborhood."

Preparation For Confession.
A priest was engaged in instructing and catechizing a Russian boy. Presently he said: "Now my brother, in what you must do by way of preparing for confession and penance." "Sin, your reverence," was the unexpected answer.—London Telegraph.

An End to the Argument.
"Have I not been a considerate wife?" she asked reproachfully.
"Considerate?" he exclaimed bitterly.
"What was I?"
"There ever been a night when you were out late that I haven't left the burning for you?" she demanded.
"And you call that being considerate?" he said sarcastically. "Of course you have, but who pays the bills?"—Albany Telegram.

Perseverance at the Piano.
Paderewski, the great pianist. Illustrating perseverance, declared that before playing the étude in thirds by Chopin in public he had practiced it every day for two years without intermission. The average pupil imagines he does all that can be expected of him by rushing through the entire set of études by Cramer in six months. The student of an artist as great as Paderewski wrestling with a single étude by Chopin for fully two years ought to serve as a splendid illustration of what may be attained through the efforts of perseverance.—Etoile.

In Cramped Quarters.
A washstand is a very ugly thing to have in cramped quarters. Occasionally the closet is large enough so that before playing the étude in thirds by Chopin in public he had practiced it every day for two years without intermission. The average pupil imagines he does all that can be expected of him by rushing through the entire set of études by Cramer in six months. The student of an artist as great as Paderewski wrestling with a single étude by Chopin for fully two years ought to serve as a splendid illustration of what may be attained through the efforts of perseverance.—Etoile.

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